measuring by this standard of the value of the bravery I saw around me, brought forth some curious results.

Among the men whom I had occasion to observe there were some—not many—who, when they came into contact with the enemy, seemed to be seized with a sort of uncontrollable fury which manifested itself in the utterance of oaths and imprecations, in the shaking of fists and, in some cases, in an apparently irresistible desire to rush forward and "get at them." In some instances this could be taken for an outburst of patriotic passion; in others it looked more like the animal rage of the bull at the sight of a red rag. Most of these men were what would ordinarily be called really "brave"; that is to say, they would walk into the hottest fire with absolute intrepidity, and do the most daring things. But while some of these, when not under fire, were men of consistent character, exemplary conduct, and modest self-respect, others became known as liars, braggarts, gamblers, bullies, ruffians, drunkards, and all that is disreputable—utterly unprincipled persons without any virtue except this animal courage. Yet they would sometimes be counted among " the bravest," and occasionally canonized as such.

My experience has taught me that there is no vice, no degree of moral cowardice, that may not sometimes be found in the same person, together with that physical courage and fighting spirit which may make that man a hero

in battle, and that there is no virtue, no degree of moral heroism, no spirit of noblest self-sacrifice, which may not sometimes be found in a person unnerved by the sight of blood, or otherwise incapable of meeting an adversary sword in hand,

I observed different classes of men who seemed to take particular delight in especially dangerous ventures. I had two such men for a while on my staff who would_on_eyery possible